

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Poem, Down at the bottom of the yard is our coal hole.

Down at the bottom of the yard is our coal hole the pale were the coal man leaves our coal for
dad and mum to fill our coal scuttle to bring it into our house to keep us warm In the depths of
our yard, where shadows play, A coal hole rests, in quiet array, A haven for darkness, where
treasures lie, Fuel for the fire, reaching for the sky.

The coal man comes, with his steady stride, Delivering riches, warmth as his guide, For dad and
mum, with hands strong and sure, To fill the scuttle, to make hearts endure.

Black diamonds within, a trove of might, A promise of comfort through day and night, With
crackling flames, a dance so bold, Stories are woven, as memories unfold.

From the coal hole's depth, a tale does unfurl, Of labour and love, in a cold-weathered world,
Bringing the warmth, to chase off the chill, A coal-fired symphony, tranquil and still.

So let the coal hole stand, a silent friend, A place of provision, on which we depend, In its
embrace, our hearth's fire will gleam, A tribute to moments, a cherished dream.

By Donald Jay